

The lamentatiō of the

Quhat thift, quhat reiff, quhat murder, & oppreffio?
 Quhat fackles flaughter, quhat moira:lineferie?
 Quhat pouertie, quhat derth and Tribulation?
 Dois King be Grange all leidie on lyfe may fe
 The fchame is thyne, thocht we the fozrow bys
 Curd Reinrod richt of Babilone the cheif,
 We Commounis all lowd vengeance crys on the
 Blaming thy trefloun the caus of all our greif.

We fillie pure anis quhair we wer wont to gang
 With Coillis and Cobillis, with fische & fickle wair,
 Upon our bakis als mehill as we micht fang
 With mirrie fang all tripping into pairis.
 To wye our leuing in mercait at sic fairis
 Now we allace but reuth ar reft with theif,
 Hau we ane lyart na baid bot all is thairis
 Blaming thy trefloun the caus of all our reif.

As bther lyfe we pure men bade of better
 For with our faggis to gane to Ediburgh fone,
 With Pettris, with Turris, and mony curle of Hedder,
 By gat gude faill fyne lap quhen we had done.
 For mirrynes, and with the licht of Mone
 We wald ga hame but outhet fray or chace,
 Quhair now in fozrow fra dure to dure we clune,
 Blaming thy trefloun of all our cair allace.

We Colgearis, Cadgearis, and Carteris in ane row
 Be bludie Wolfis that Grange hes maid to feir,
 Our hoys is reft, our felfis ar doung but dout
 Quhair we did trauell we dar not now appeir.
 Out of our Ludge we tak of thame sic feir
 Thocht it wald by ten thousand Crownis auance
 With morning Prayer we curle thame maid this weir
 Blaming thy trefloun the caus of our mifchance.

Allace we Chapmen may with Creilmen mune
 Thay fillie men that brocht thair butter and egges
 To Ediburgh Croce and did na bther turne,
 And we agane wald by ane fraet of fegges
 Baith pennis and nedillis and fell to landwart Hegges
 Thau micht we trauell quhair we dar not this day
 Bot lye at hame, but meir, na drink bot dregges
 Blaming thy trefloun the caus of all our fcap.

Quhat wicht on lyfe will not by pure pietie?
 That went to bying the wroil, the fkin, and hyde
 To Ediburgh Towne in peice and Cheritie,
 Fra Selkirk, Hawik, and the partis of Cyde.
 Quhair now allace in hoil and boir we byde
 As wretches were the Copenoche we carpe
 Dar not kerk out for Rebellis that dois ryde
 Blaming thy trefloun of this our fozrow fcharpe.

We Tinklaris, Tailzeouris, we craftmen out of nif,
 That be our craft had ay ane honeit lyfe, (bes
 We wait of nocht bot mehill cair and cummer
 Our Joy is turnit in wo and moxtall fteffe.
 All our gay garmentis of fudyie falfounis ryle
 We thame wedfet our bodyis to fufene
 As woik ado bot beg bairn barne and wyle
 Blaming thy trefloun that causis by complene.

We Merchandis all that with our Merchand pakkis
 Did trauell ay, fra Towne to Towne, to fairis
 Thow hes by baneift, thow hes by feir fra crakkis,
 We fit at hame na faill is to our wairis.
 Thocht we wald trauell thy reiffaris fa by clairis
 With reif but reuth, but pietie with extortoun
 But mirth in melerie thay horribill houndis by tairis
 Blaming thy trefloun the caus of our oppreffoun.

cōmounis of Scotland

We commounis all with cair we may lament
 That had sic peice, sic reft and vntie
 And now allace ar rugit, reuin and rent
 Our fleidis ar frowne, our cairrell reft trewlie
 With weiping wallaway nane may we byre bot the
 Thow feind Infernall thow gatis by walk out fo
 Quhair we afair did fleip richt quyeche
 Blaming thy trefloun the caus of all our wo.

Bot fen with fith ze Cammounis do complene
 With fob full fair richt trewly faill I tell
 I James Dalzell Indwellar in the Dene,
 Be Grange fmaibis I wait fend be him fell
 Hes fchot my wyle thow birket lyfe and fell
 Scho greit with barne fyre gait the gait with plane
 Than cryt my bairnis with mony zout and zell
 Blaming thy trefloun that had thair Mother flane

Thay reuthles Ruffeis but reuth with cruelte
 Did flay my husband but caus into my licht,
 Downie Ros be faine ane Currlar of craft trewlie
 With fūnis hum gozd but mercy on the nicht
 I and my bairnis iail craif Goddis plagues ful richt
 To fall the Grange thow cruel Cobadzail
 With fourtie ma noz did on Wharo licht
 Blaming thy trefloun that causis by betwail

Sen not but caus we wyle the of this wa
 With pauefull pech, with mony grank and grane,
 The curle, the wairis, but blis fra fop to fa
 Lat neuer thy freind fe oucht of the bot fchame.
 With curst deith that mony man the blame
 Lucifer was heich, bot Lord thow thre to him downe
 Sa will be the, thow graceles Grange be faine
 Blaming thy trefloun with fozrow but Renowne.

O tenefull Cypane, O Syant mehill but micht,
 Of vitious deidis thow art the only fontane
 Quhairfra all vice but vntrew fpringis full richt
 As dois the watter out of the Rok of Montane
 We pure fall cry with erie hartis fast dontane
 To the O God, to fcurge this wicket wicht,
 In Iust exempill to all the warid mail certane
 Blaming thy trefloun the caus of all our plicht.

I had thow bene trew but trefloun to our Roy
 And to his Regent, gait the that hauid to keip,
 As thow did fweir, we had not had this noy
 We micht had peice, quhair now in weir we weip.
 In wo, but weil, but plesure in pane fa deip
 Be the O Tratur, that Ketellis did r faif
 Into that hauid with the thairin to creip
 Ha trefloun vntrew will gar ane widdie waif.

Now lat by all with hart and myude by dyes
 Baith eun and mozne, richt law downe on our kne,
 With hydbeous fchout all we baith mair and leg
 For vengeance Iust, with tene to fall on the.
 O thow O Lord, and God in perfoun thye
 Consume this wretche with Bynt fane fyre and thūdes
 That persequitis thy Sanctis with cruelte
 Ha trefloun vntrew ane tow will fchait in fchunder.

Preferne with micht fra flicht of fairs defend
 Our King gude Lord, and als his Regent rik:
 Lat neuer thair micht, but richt, with hand ay bend
 Haue ftrength of power thame foz to hurt of wretk.
 We thy pure liegis faill pray and als befeik
 To fend the grace, lang fpace in weilfair wend
 That we may fe the punis vice but meik
 And trefloun all felfoun, with this we mak ane end
 f f f f f

Compendit at Sanctandris be Robert Lekpenth
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